

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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THE EXAMINER;

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PAUL SEYMOUR,
PUBLISHER.

We publish to-day the address of George W. Johnson, Esq., to the citizens of Scott County, on the subject of Emancipation. Mr. Johnson is one of our most distinguished lawyers, and is also an extensive cotton planter in Arkansas. If our memory is correct, he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor by the Democratic Convention which met at Frankfort last March, but declined the honor. Although an anti-Emancipation document, we conceive that the cause of Emancipation will not be much retarded by its extensive circulation.

Perfect freedom of discussion is our motto, and we intend at all times, as opportunity may offer, to give the strongest arguments of our opponents, couched in the strongest form of expression they may select, provided the language is not personally offensive. We have neither time nor inclination for an extended reply at this moment, but will take an early opportunity for so doing.

In the meantime, we cannot refrain from calling attention to a very striking original discovery made by Mr. J. J. Fowler. "That negro slavery has been abolished in any country except by the sword and for the benefit of wealth." The original intention which we take to be that of the interest of the working-men and mechanics of our State, to take sides for the perpetuation of negro-slavery. We shall have something to say on the hereafter.

We name the frankness, earnestness and candor manifested by Mr. Johnson, but upon a careful review of his article we think he will agree with us that a far more confined and entirely to the opponents of slavery.

Further Herald.

To the Citizens of Scott County.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—In performance of a promise sometimes since given, to present you some suggestions in relation to reforms of our constitution, in which we are all and each of us deeply interested, I desire now to discuss a subject which stirs the heart of every Kentuckian; a question with which strangers have nothing to do, but which we ourselves will decide, according to the dictates of an enlightened Philanthropy, Reason and Religion. I mean the question of the gradual Emancipation of Slaves in Kentucky. In every position in which that question can be presented, I am its uncompromising opponent. A calm contemplation of that subject will demonstrate the propriety of that opposition, and vindicate the character of Southern institutions, from the slanders of Northern fanatics; the political and religious crusades of modern times.

At the advent of Christ, in the reign of Augustus, the Roman Empire had spread its arms over the greater part of Europe, of Western Asia and Northern Africa. A military republic had sprung into existence on the shores of the Mediterranean; had subdued a world, and had just before the period in question, been converted into an Empire. The genius, eloquence, and fortune of Julius Caesar, had prepared a throne for Augustus, upon which he firmly seated himself, called around him steel-clad legions, and swayed his regal sceptre for forty years, over that Ancient Republic. During this very period appeared the great moral Law-giver of the world. He saw every part of the Roman Empire filled with Slavery.—Slavery of the worst race to his fellow-man. Not was such slavery at all under the protection of the public law, but every master held the power of life and death over his slave. Let it be also remembered that it was the white man, with all his superior capacities and intelligence, who was held in this domestic slavery, unmitigated by anything in the laws of the Empire, or the Republic of Rome. Save from the charities of the heart, which duty implants in the human mind for the protection of dependants, the Roman slave had no hope. The law extended not its shield over him, but in life and limb, he and his children were the property of his Master. Nay, to scourge, bind, imprison, torture, and kill, were powers given by the laws of this Empire, in which this Great Being appeared. Millions of such slaves existed around him, and yet he who thought and "spoke as never man spoke," whose mind was filled by those great doctrines of charity, mercy and benevolence, which have diffused the light of civilization over the human race, admonished them to be obedient: he saw domestic slavery in its worst form, and he gave it his sanction, because he saw in it the plan of divine intelligence, for the slow but certain improvement of mankind.

The miserable pretenders to historic knowledge, who now infest the earth, striving to convulse it by their sophisms, assert that he who boldly bled upon the cross, on the hills of Jerusalem, rather than acknowledge the great truths of his mission, was afraid of man. And had he spoken his mind would have been an Abolitionist. He did speak his mind, Dr. Wayland! He was no hypocrite, Mr. Giddings! He dealt plainly with Publicans and Pharisees, Abolitionists! We have every reason to believe that he would have thought George Washington of Virginia, quite as good a man as Hiale of New Hampshire.

You will pardon me, Gentlemen, for what may seem a religious discussion, for which, unhappily, I am not fitted. The truth of history, and the great cause of humanity, require that the religious cant, of these vendors of books, these congressional Pharisees, and Negro Stewards, should be exposed. The fact that the great author of the Christian religion lived thirty-three years and died in the midst of the worst form of Slavery, which the world has ever seen, and was content to admonish Master and Slave of their respective duties, will satisfy the rational mind, intent upon the good of his fellow-man, in spite of the ravings of ignorance and fanaticism.

The slavery of which I have been speaking was slavery of the white man; capable, when emancipated by the forms of the Roman law, of discharging all the duties of a free citizen of the Republic; the equal in mind, and body, and undistinguished by color from the great body of Free men in the "Impetuous City." When Emancipated, therefore, he could at once fall in with the rest of his countrymen, fitted for social intercourse with free men. His hopes and passions would flow in the same channel. His in-

terests would be identified with the stability of the commonwealth. He could sit at the social board; he could sleep upon the couch. He could marry into the families of citizens without carrying into it the indelible mark which nature has given, of the inferiority of the race from which he sprang. He could live in society without being by nature and birth its enemy.

Not so, could it be with the negro! An object of interest and compassion, but still by nature the inferior of the white man, but associated with him by divine wisdom, for mutual service and improvement. It is not idly and without consideration, that I assert the inferiority of the African, morally, physically, and mentally. There is no truth established in history; there is nothing to be learned from its pages, if he is not so. The present relative numbers of the three great families of men, the Black, the Red, and the White, would indicate, nay, it demonstrates a nearly simultaneous origin; the laws of nature governing population, would establish the fact, without the Historian. It is not important to decide whether Japhet (the Hebrew word White) and Ham (the Hebrew word Black) sons of Noah, were the Fathers of the Caucasian and African Races. We know from sacred and profane history, that they have existed 3,000 years. That is sufficient for our present purposes.

In this vast period of time, you cannot trace to the Negro Race, one solitary improvement in Mechanics, Arts, Numbers, Philosophy, Rhetoric, Political Economy, Astronomy, Chemistry and Geology. They have no part in the great discoveries and improvements which have elevated man in the scale of being. They have been upon the earth like the beasts of the field; like the contemporary races of Tigers and Baboons, and have left not one trace of their existence, except in their posterity. In the wide arch of the sciences and arts, there is nothing—absolutely nothing, traceable to them, to mark their superiority over the brute creation, much less to indicate equality with the intellectual White Man. Where are the Homers and Virgils of Africa? Where are her Poets, Historians, Painters, Philosophers and Statesmen? Where are her Sculptors, Architects and Tragedians? They are not to be found. In 3,000 years, there has arisen for her, no Herodotus, or Thucydides to embellish her annals—no Socrates, Plato, or Aristotle to unfold her philosophy—no Lycurgus or Numa have arisen to plant a Sparta and Rome in Africa—no Demosthenes or Cicero have stood upon her Forum—no Sophocles or Euripides have graced her Amphitheatres. No Books for the mind; no monuments for her benefactors; no cities for her commerce; no Temples for her Gods exist even in ruins, to attest the intellect, the gratitude, the wealth or piety of Ancient Africa. There is no where to be found, except when associated with the White Man, any, the slightest trace of mental or moral cultivation among the negro races. Inferior in mind and body, the Benevolent Being who created them, gave them a country which furnished food without labor; where a Tropical climate dispenses with the necessity of houses and clothing, where they might live and multiply, till, in the fullness of time, a nobler and better race should fill the world with the prodigies of their intellect, and be prepared to take charge of the African, for his guidance, protection and improvement. There is even now more negro slavery in Africa, than in all the world besides. Intellect does not reside over the institution there, and hence it is not attended with improvement. Every petty Chieftain is the master of a district of slaves. The African mother offers her child at the breast to the slave trader, for a string of beads, and the Prince sells his subject for a blanket.

Degraded, barbarous, brutal, in their native land, they are transplanted from the Tropics, that the seeds of virtue, industry, energy and improvement may be gathered in a temperate climate. The race of improvement over negroes, never exists. Such is the wise provision of Deity for the good of man. He who asserts that this system is not better for the African than his condition in his native land, must assert that learning is worse than ignorance; that idleness is preferable to industry; that virtue is worse than vice, and that the Christian religion is worse than the degraded and polluted form of African superstition. For while America is blessed with one, Africa is cursed with the other system.

It is desirable, Gentlemen, that the idea which seems to be spreading through society, that the African is the intellectual equal of the white man, should be torn up by the roots. It is utterly unfounded in truth. Yet it is the fertile source of the religious and fanatic Abolitionism which broods over America like a cloud, black and terrible, filled with the tempest and tornado.

We have seen that Africa has nothing to offer to entitle her to a comparison with ancient Greece and Rome. The very idea of contrasting her with modern Europe is ridiculous and absurd. The very Ostiarch which flies over her plains, the Camel which traverses her deserts, and the Lions which infest her forests, might better challenge comparison with the miserable, naked and brutal negro, than he with the intellectual, improved and civilized white man. Three thousand years have elapsed, and they have done nothing, absolutely nothing, in their native land. Can Arithmetic compute the numberless ages, which would have elapsed, before this inferior race would have looked to the heavens, and discovered, like Newton, the laws which hold the glorious orbs of creation to their place? At what period of the future, would they have produced a Napier to invent for them Logarithmic Tables? When would Columbus have set out in their bark canoes for young America? When would their Faust have established a Printing Press among her uncivilized people? When would they have written a book? When would they have erected universities and colleges? When would they have built brick mansions for castles as now Kirtle? In the vast future, when would the Marquis of Worcester, their Watt, Stephenson and Fulton, have appeared to astonish and bless a world with the powers of steam. When would the electro magnet have been formed, and the galvanic current have spoken across the continent?

When would their Franklin and Wash-

ington have appeared? Through what unnumbered ages of tyranny and oppression would they have passed, to reach the freedom of America. When would their Daguerre have taught the solar beam, to draw their swarthy features upon silver? When would Arkwright and Whitney have arisen to clothe a world with cotton? What negro could have been the Father of Lavoisier, La Place, Hutton, Bacon, or Liebig? When would an African treatise on Chemistry, Conic Sections, or Political Economy have appeared? When would their professor Dick, have meditated and written, digested, and published his sublime treatises upon the destiny and duties of man? It is probable that the human race would have passed through unnumbered ages of barbarism, wars, convulsions and crimes, before the intellect of the negro race, unassisted and alone, would have invented and manufactured so simple a thing as a button or a hat. Who that has ever seen the native African negro, and examined physiologically the low brow, the thick lips, the contour of his face and head, the vacant expression of his lascivious countenance, would ever think of comparing him with the American slave, much less with the white man? Gentlemen, I am almost tempted to say that only a fool or madman would do it. I do not, however, make so broad an assertion, for it is evident, that it is the enthusiastic dreamers on the subject of religion and politics, who have started, and maintain the doctrines of their equality with the white man. Would not the world be astonished to hear of a native African constructing a telescope to view the heavens, or grinding the glasses of a microscope, to examine the minute and wonderful exhibitions of the invisible world? Would not the Abolitionist be delighted to hear that the native intellect of Africa, was able to melt sand into glass, or cast a few ricks of straw? If Mr. Giddings, or Dr. Wayland, had a lease of life, till the African mind was so improved by its own efforts, unassisted by the other two races of mankind, as to be capable of casting this potent spoon, they might, perhaps, never enter the Kingdom of Heaven! A million of years would not be sufficient for this wonderful feat. A man, judging from the past, might safely stake his life upon the issue. He would probably win his bet, before they learned to extract Tin, Lead and Zinc from the Earth.

I feel that I am consuming the time of rational men, unnecessarily, by further discussion of this question. Philosophers and statesmen who have seen the cities, towns, and mansions of the white man, covering Europe and emerging from the forests of America; who have seen their navies majestically floating in every sea; who have explored the vast collections of books in Christendom; who have seen the planets measured and the earth girdled by the genius and energy of man; who have seen all the paths and highways of science, filled with thronging multitudes of intellectual devotees; and who then contrast these brilliant triumphs of mind with the governing sensuality and barbarism of the miserable hordes of Africa, (a race equally odd), can doubt the vast superiority of the mental organization of the white man over these black savages. You had better compare the long eared mule with the blooded and fiery steed; or the domestic Goose with the glorious spirit and daring of the Eagle.

It is seriously proposed to turn loose this inferior race from the rational restraints, which have made them what they are, an industrious and happy people; restraints which have redeemed them from barbarism, idolatry, and worse than savage ignorance; restraints which are beginning to elevate, to enlighten and improve them. A horde of semi-civilized savages to be turned loose upon a society by philanthropists!—savages that bear upon their bodies the mark of eternal enmity to the white man!—savages drunk with unexpected freedom, to lay waste and pillage the works of civilized man! Were this done, their extermination would be certain and swift. In self defence, we would be forced to sweep them from the land. Instead of the white man shielding and protecting them in the enjoyment of every rational pleasure, he would necessarily become their deadly enemy; the designs of that benevolent being who watches over all, would be thwarted; rage would no longer arise from the discharge of the reciprocal duties of protection and obedience, to hallow the relations of master and slave; but a conflict of interest would blaze forth, as short, bloody, and fatal as when the lion seizes his prey and rends it in pieces. Is this your scheme of benevolence and charity? Wretched and misguided enthusiasts! you are kindling your torches in magazines, whose explosion would shake the earth, and destroy the objects of your compassion. Such is the fatal scheme of the abolitionists—beginning in robbing of the masters, and ending in the extermination of the slave.

We will now turn our attention to the gradual emancipator. We will not pause to notice the puerile schemes of enthusiastic philanthropists, for the purchase and colonization of 183,000 slaves in Kentucky, on the shores of their native land in Liberia. They are empty and intangible dreams, and visions of a disordered imagination. When the purchase money is ready, and the fleet is prepared upon the Gulf of Mexico, it will be time enough to talk about it; then it will be time to discuss the question of morals involved in the forcible removal of 182,258 persons, men, women and children, old and young, to the distant shores and untrod climate of Africa.

The only practical plan of emancipation is that heretofore adopted in the free States of America; and we will now endeavor to show the effects which will follow its adoption in Kentucky. This plan is simply this. "To declare all slaves now in being, or who are born before a given period, slaves for life, and all born after that period, free." What rendered this plan successful in the New England States, in New York and Pennsylvania, was the fact that there was a good market for the slaves of those States, in which these philanthropists could sell them in perpetual servitude, pocket the money, and then preach the Gospel truths of abolition to the unfortunate purchaser. Before the period arrived when the female slaves were to give birth only to the free, this conscientious and economical people, put them in their pockets, as they had a legal right to do. The descendants of these slaves are now to be found in every slave

State of the Union, and the descendants of these conscientious men, are probably yet enjoying the proceeds of the sale of these negroes, whilst refusing to recognise a slaveholder as a Christian, upon the ground that Christ was an Abolitionist, but afraid to say so, to the Roman people and Augustus Caesar.

This plan would be equally practical now, and would make our tender charities equally economical and potential, if it were not for one startling and terrific fact. There will be no market open for the sale of them. The doors of slave States, in the South, will, in self defence, be closed upon us. The abolitionists have barred us from the Territories. They are seeking to concentrate the Slaves, and to circumscribe their limits, regardless of circumstances, and a potent future. Our citizens would therefore be forced to emigrate, that they may carry with them their property rather than lose it.

An immense emigration of useful and worthy citizens would therefore be the first effect of this wise measure, with an ultimate loss to the State, of the full value of two thirds of the negro population of Kentucky. This loss would be about thirteen millions of dollars.

The second effect of this generous and noble scheme, would be that about two thirds of the slaves, who are now happily located in Kentucky, would be carried into Southern States for the cultivation of Cotton, Sugar and Rice. Accustomed to the pursuits and genial climate of our State, it would perhaps be a fair estimate to suppose that every eighth or tenth man, woman and child, would fall a victim to the prevailing epidemics and diseases of warmer latitudes. 20,000 people would thus die miserably for this great and Christian scheme of Emancipation. More blood than watered the plains and mountains of Mexico, in a just war; and for which these same conscientious citizens, howled out their anathemas against the Government of their own country.

The third effect would be this. There would remain in Kentucky about one third of the slaves, whose descendants, would be free. What would you do with these 70,000 black paupers? Would you permit them to roam like vagabonds, thieves and robbers, over the land? A negro never works till compelled. Would you allow them to vote? If not, where is your boasted consistency? If you do, what a beautiful spectacle will be exhibited at the polls! Your colored brethren understand the science of Government. They are enlightened citizens of a Republic! There is none but the Anglo-Saxon family of the white race who know how to appreciate and maintain their rights and freedom, whilst they organize government, for preserving social order. The fiery and chivalric Frenchman, the proud Spaniard, the Italian of Roman ancestry, the Greek, of Marathon and Thermopylae, the nonchalant and untiring German, the Dane and Russian, are all unequal to this great problem in the science of government. But your negro, your woolly headed and splay footed negro will do. He can cut this Gordian knot. He is intellectually fitted for this great task. Such degradation of the elective franchise of a citizen of America is disgusting and sickening. A free negro is fit to give but one vote, for the miserable renegade and traitor, Martin Van Buren.

What, I ask, will you do with these free negroes? do you intend to support them? do you intend to make them work? Or do you intend to let them steal? One of the three things you must do. Do you intend to let them steal? If not, they will soon convince you they know how to live without labor. They will tell you work has been their abhorrence all the days of their lives. "That was their only trouble." For the sake of charity and consistency, you should permit them to do all the stealing in Kentucky; they are entitled to that job, and understand the business well—employ them.

The fourth effect will be this: Your mechanics will get but half their present wages. Negro slavery stands as a barrier around Kentucky, against that rising tide of European emigration, which is now settling in to the shores of America. It is an intelligent and enterprising, a white and free, but poor population, who, with indomitable energy and resolution, are crossing the Atlantic in search of labor, food, clothing and sustenance. They are not like your negro, lying from labor and exertion, but are seeking it, as the source of independence, manly happiness, and enjoyment. They recognise the justice and mercy of that decree of the "most wise" God. "By the sweat of thy brow, shall ye earn your daily bread." These intelligent and athletic men, who are forced, by their poverty, to take the best wages they can get, turn now from Kentucky, to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and the great West. Except a few of the more intelligent mechanics, now settled in Kentucky, they leave our natives in the undisturbed possession of the State. Wherever these European laborers assemble, prices go way before their competition, and it is now an indisputable fact that the wages of labor are every where lower in the free, than in slave States. This I regard as an injury, instead of benefit to the State. What can more clearly rebound to the good of a State, than that her mechanics should receive ample remuneration and support? In the great prairies of the west, there is, I thank God, ample room for this foreign and useful labor. The States of the Union, as yet, have scarcely stretched half way across the continent. Let them come then, freely, and at the setting sun, we will show them the noble and majestic Asylum, which an intelligent government has provided for the unfortunate, but enterprising portion of mankind from every quarter of the Globe.

I proclaim to our Mechanics of every grade and condition, that Negro Slavery has never been abolished in any country, except by the influence, and for the benefit of Wealth. It is true as Holy writ. Let them remember it. They can command more labor for any given sum, by letting in upon this intelligent white competition from Europe, they will tear down the barrier and abolish slavery. Your wages will then be reduced one half, and you will be swept away by the deluge which will flow over your native land. Inquire into the prices here and in Ohio, or Massachusetts or Eng-

land, and you will understand the truth of what I say. They turn aside from Kentucky now, because they have been taught to believe that we despise the laborer in the slave States. You who have been born here and know the contrary, have therefore the whole field of the Arts before you. Suffer not demagogues to deprive you of it; suffer not the parasites of wealth to flatter you to destruction. Your vocation is honorable—the world cannot present a nobler spectacle than the struggle of a fearless and honest spirit with adversity. Be true to yourselves, as heretofore, and God will back you against the world; Kentucky will remain what your noble souls have made her, the boast of our children and the jewel of America.

Gentlemen, I have no words to express the infinite scorn and contempt which I feel, when I hear a native Kentuckian compare you, in reproach, with Ohio. These are something proud and noble, generous, enthusiastic and glorious, in our people; a people who have never stooped to menial occupations—freemen, who neither fear honest labor, nor mortal man; and who rally to the standard of their country whenever it is planted in defiance of her enemies. We have no organized bands within our borders, to steal the property of Ohio; we have no canting hypocrites to preach against our neighbors and interfere with their rights. Save your dollars, Ohio? Dollars and cents are good. Perhaps they are worthy of you. We have set our hearts on something else!—we want "Spartan men and women;" with hearts and souls in their bodies who despise cant; who love their God and country, "with all their strength, and their neighbors as themselves."

To compensate us for these great evils, what benefit do the advocates of this measure propose? What is it that they want? Is it a morbid love and admiration of Ohio and Massachusetts? Who has ever before considered a dense population as the essential element of happiness? Heretofore it has been considered an evil! It is one, most certainly, when the population press closely up to the means of support. I would think if each man had more land, he would be better off; and if he had better wages, he would be more independent. Wealth, through all time, will have followers, to persuade mankind into measures which subject labor to capital. This has been effected in England, and every patriot must regret that the system is hastening to perfect its growth in America.

The negroes of Kentucky are the happiest class of laborers in the world. Their cares are less and their tasks are light. They labor, it is true—who, in all Christendom does not? If you will show me one truly idle man, I will show you the most miserable wretch in the Union. Industry produces mental, moral, and bodily health. It is the secret of content—it is the divine law of God, for the good of man. "To engrave this ennobling principle into the sluggish nature of the African, is the object of his association and dependence on the white man." By industry alone can we accomplish the glorious destiny before us. It is this which has given man every thing which he has in the arts and sciences; and it is this which will move mankind onward through an infinite eternity; as he progresses, the boundaries of knowledge enlarge upon his vision; the laws of nature are unfolded; the purposes of the most High are revealed, and his eternal wisdom and benevolence vindicated. In this vast future, lie hidden, the destiny of the African race. It is sufficient that he who made animals, and thought of their least wants, has them in keeping.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette.)

Western Provisions in Europe.

A Western correspondent transmits the following for publication in the Baltimore Patriot: A very few years since, the provisions of the West were put up regardless of a foreign market. The style of curing and packing was American and "nothing else." A change, however, has come over us. Experienced curers and ample facilities are now scattered throughout the great West. In Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, all cure the product of the hog for a market, and a good share of it is handled with skill and care.

Cincinnati extra hams are now known throughout America and a great part of Europe. In some respects, however, the style of curing, curing, and packing in the United States has not been adapted to the usages and prejudices of foreign markets. This has especially been true in regard to Great Britain, our largest trans-Atlantic customer. John Bull must have a "long middle" with the shoulder-blade and backbone out, and a "short middle," cut in his own away; and they must be packed in boxes or barrels—the hoghead would not do. He has been equally particular in regard to everything else. The Yankee way was not the right way and he would not have it. The French are equally particular about the lard, and they must have it in tin cans, while John Bull prefers it in bladders.

Well, our packers and curers have taken lessons. The English packers have been here to superintend the curing done for them. The Irish curers have been here doing the same thing, and the French dealer has also given lessons on the size and shape of the tin lard cans, and has superintended the rendering, filling, and scaling process. The result is that many of our Western packers have now all the skill possessed by their customers in Europe, and our provisions now not only meet with ready sale but please the European trade.

There is room yet for increased attention to this rapidly growing branch of trade, and that the wants and prejudices of our customers may be suited, we give publicity to the following suggestion by an extensive house in Belfast, Ireland.

"It is evident to our minds that the American provision trade will not long continue a remunerative one, if shipments be made, as hitherto, to Liverpool and London houses, who force off goods on arrival by auction, without taking care to have the goods put into condition by cleaning and repacking, (which they most frequently require) and with regard to the wants of the trade at the time. We have long thought the best way to manage it, would be to send the goods to persons of experience in the home trade, who could put the goods into order, and put them in

the market as it would bear. Indeed, during the last year, many of the Irish curers have been handsomely purchasing at the Liverpool sales, and cleaning and repacking the goods here and disposing of them in the English, Scotch, or Irish markets.

"Bacon should be packed securely, with plenty of salt, and the lard to be rendered from the LEAF or SHEET, that mixed up with offal or from the entire hog boiled down, being quite unsuitable."

Successful Treatment of Cholera.

The following mode of treating this formidable disease, is said to be the most successful yet promulgated. It was communicated by Dr. Piddock, of Great Russell Street, London, and was sent by an intelligent gentleman of Nottingham, England, to a friend in this city, from whom we have received it.

For the cure of the Premonitory Diarrhea, the Calomel Pills, (a) the Castor Oil Draught, (b) and the Cordial Mixture, (c) will do the most good. Arrow Root, Tapioca, and Rice, I have found without exception to succeed.

In the Spasmodic stage of the Cholera. 1st.—The Patient is to be put on a flannel shirt or waistcoat, with long sleeves and go to bed.

2nd.—He is to be wrapped in a hot blanket.

3rd.—Large stone-ware bottles, filled with hot water and wrapped in flannel, are to be laid to his feet and side.

4th.—One or two table-spoonsful of common salt, dissolved in half a pint of warm water, is to be administered, and the Patient's head is to be covered with the bed-clothes, and on no account is he to be permitted to rise.

5th.—One table-spoonful of common salt, in cold water, is to be repeated every hour till copious vomiting of yellow bitter bile be produced, and a copious perspiration break out.

N. B.—It has never been found necessary to repeat the salt and water more than three times.

6th.—If the Patient complains of thirst, let him drink plentifully of this rice gruel, (made of ground rice well boiled,) soda water, or even cold water, which, instead of retarding, seems to promote free perspiration, and the abundant discharge of bile, upon which his safety depends.

7th.—To remove the tenderness in the abdomen, and the sense of fullness in the head, from the violent efforts to vomit, the application of a few leeches to the pit of the stomach and behind the ears, the following day, may be necessary; and the Calomel Pill (a) followed by the Castor Oil Draught, (b) and the Saline Mixture (c) may be required to allay the febrile excitement which frequently ensues, as well as to carry off the vast accumulation of bile, which appears to be the cause of all the distressing and dangerous symptoms.

Under this plan of treatment, not a single case of Spasmodic Cholera has, under my care, proved fatal, excepting two children too young to take the salt.

CAUTION.—Neither stimulants, such as Brandy, to restore the circulation, nor astringents, as Laudanum, &c., to arrest the vomiting and diarrhoea, are to be administered, either in the premonitory stage or in the spasmodic stage of Cholera. It is a practice replete with danger.

The depressing passions, such as fear, the use of ardent spirits, which occasion congestion in the liver; excessive fatigue; indigestible articles of food, such as fish, raw fruit and raw vegetables, which irritate the stomach and bowels; are to be avoided, as the only safe means of prevention.

P. S.—In persons of a full habit, bleeding before the administration of salt may be necessary; but no case of this kind has occurred in my practice.

Cost of Mail Transportation.

The following exhibits the cost of mail transportation, and the annual receipts of postage, for the year preceding July 1, 1848, from an official source:—

States.	Cost.	Revenue.
Maine.	\$41,964	\$59,440
N. Hampshire.	25,560	40,620
Vermont.	26,563	34,328
Massachusetts.	107,293	215,201
N. York.	229,207	494,757
Rhode Island.	9,187	26,393
Connecticut.	45,797	64,157
N. Jersey.	58,930	39,586
Pennsylvania.	115,413	252,176
Delaware.	7,862	27,789
Maryland.	133,751	91,656
Virginia.	192,615	92,292
N. Carolina.	172,520	31,379
S. Carolina.	118,457	50,383
Georgia.	153,001	55,359
Florida.	45,198	10,183
Ohio.	170,205	158,860
Michigan.	38,211	38,491
Indiana.	52,439	43,448
Illinois.	102,465	22,339
Wisconsin.	15,045	26,703
Iowa.	9,732	9,495
Missouri.	49,720	41,509
Kentucky.	89,581	53,632
Tennessee.	37,287	37,287
Mississippi.	136,499	49,002
Alabama.	58,451	33,773
Arkansas.	39,996	9,500
Louisiana.	41,702	69,500
Texas.	24,102	8,246
District of Columbia.		179,391

From the above it will be seen that all the New England States largely overpay. New York yields more than double the expenses of States! Only one of them, Louisiana, overpays (nearly \$27,000); Virginia comes short \$100,000; North Carolina \$141,000; South Carolina \$65,000; Georgia \$97,000; Alabama \$77,000. New Jersey, Ohio, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana and Illinois are the only free States in this list which do not pay.—Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

New York City is now second only to London and Paris, of all the cities of Europe. London has a population of 2,000,000; Paris, 1,000,000; New York, over 500,000.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Revival among the Catholics.—A Baptist Missionary among this people says, in a recent letter published in the Reflector:—Within seven months, ninety-three have been received for baptism; among the number, Gen. Chailes McIntosh, the most talented chief in the Creek nation. This son has been an active member, and has a good English education; he is an excellent interpreter, and I expect will have pleasure in making known that he has commenced preaching. There are now seven Baptist churches in the Creek Nation, with five hundred and fifty members. There are five native preachers; I am the only white Baptist minister now here.

Charity of the American Board.—Though entirely a voluntary institution, with an empty treasury, no banking institution in the world had more general confidence. This was truly honorable to Christianity. The Committee, however, borrowed no money in Boston; but the drafts of their Eastern mission were promptly cashed by a distinguished banking-house in London. And it was a remarkable fact, that in all their diversified exchanges throughout the world, no draft had ever been discounted.

The Presbyterian synod of Kentucky closed its session at Louisville on Monday the 10th inst. We learn from the Herald that much business concerning the church was transacted, but nothing of any great public interest. They would meet next year at Danville.

MADRID.—Messrs. Winslow and Scudder had recently devoted more time than usual to weekly preaching, in the hope of arresting the attention of the Hindus. Some opposition, however, has been met, and on one occasion a mob collected at one of their places of worship, and Mr. Scudder was treated with some degree of rudeness, but he escaped without injury. The police authorities promptly interfered, and against the efforts of the offenders who were identified, warrants were subsequently issued.

NASTORIA.—The Patriarch still continues hostile to the mission, though less violent than he was a short time ago.

The Chair of Theology, in the Seminary of the Free Church of Scotland, on Tuesday the 10th inst. was vacant by the death of Dr. Chalmers, and again by the resignation of Dr. Candlish, is not filled, and it is now proposed to appoint the Rev. Dr. Duff, the distinguished Free church missionary Professor in India. The only difficulty that is felt on the subject is the difficulty of finding a man of the mission field which he has long occupied, and where his presence might well prove of much advantage.

BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The XXXIII. anniversary meeting of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, commenced on Tuesday afternoon, in the Broad street church.

An extract from the minutes of the year 1788, in relation to ardent spirits, was received, and a resolution passed by the Association in opposition to the manufacture, sale, and use of spirituous liquors.

Committees were appointed upon various subjects, among which was that of a more rigid observance of the Sabbath by refraining from labor and the indulgence of worldly pleasures.

DEATHS OF MINISTERS.—The Rev. George W. Lane, of the Georgia Conference, Professor in Emory College, and son of the Rev. John Lane, died in the City of New York, of cholera, on the 21st of September, aged thirty-three years.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF UNITARIANS will be held at New Bedford, on Tuesday the 4th evening and on Wednesday, October 17th and 18th.

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Something Cheap.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
For more than a diamond's worth,
Or thousand-golden year,
It leads the day a little bright;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night,
Than all the stars say yield.

It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whipperspent;
It is a gift from heaven sent,
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the flower from care;
Tears to be smiles, make dalliance gay—
Spread gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That gems the lily's bed;
A talisman for love, as true as true,
As ever man possessed.

As music the rainbow through the cloud,
When threaten'd storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves are conflicting foam,
So comes this simple to our side,
This angel of our home.

What say this wondrous spirit,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
GOOD TEMPER—nothing more!
Good Temper! 'tis the choicest gift
That woman's hand can bring;
And can the poorest peasant find
To his, unknown to kings.

An Editor on a Foreign Railroad.

MR. G. W. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, recently set out from Paris on a tour to Germany, received on his route a variety of marked attentions which seemed to have puzzled his philosophy, and of which he gives the following account:

On going to the ticket office at Cologne, and on being asked which class car I would take, I replied, as any American naturally would, "first class, of course." The price paid for the ticket, although I do not recollect how much it was, did not seem to be high; and as I showed it to one of the conductors, he very politely pointed to and opened a car into which I at once stepped. So far all right, thanks to myself. The car was very neatly and comfortably furnished—nothing extra about it, however, that I could discover. I could not see that it differed materially, or in fact that it differed in any way, from those on both sides of it.

Passengers were bustling about in the usual hurry that precedes the departure of a train; and as there appeared to be a crowd of them, it was with no little satisfaction that I saw many of them pass my car and step into those adjoining—it insured me additional elbow room and of course additional comfort. As the time approached for starting, a middle-aged gentleman with a very pretty and very neatly dressed young lady on each arm—his daughters very likely—came hurriedly along looking for a car. Here was a chance, not only to pick my company, but to be civil, and I accordingly opened the door for the party. One of the young ladies bowed, and at the same time said something in German, thanked me, I suppose, but strange enough, as I thought, they went on to another car. I must admit that I did not like it, yet of course I could say nothing.

By and bye the last bell rang, the locomotive commenced puffing, the train whizzed along and I was left the sole possessor and only occupant of the car—had it all to myself. This is comfortable, thought I, as I stretched back with plenty of room, and opening all the windows on both sides I was soon busying myself in surveying the country through which we were rapidly passing.

In an hour's time we were at Dusseldorf, and here a halt of ten minutes was made. The conductor was again very polite in opening the door for me to step out, and as he did so I noticed that the ordinary crowd of loungers was more dense around my particular car than was the case with any of the others. They stared at me, too, as I descended, and as I thought a little harder than there was any necessity for; but at the same time there was nothing positively rude in their gaze. Additional passengers, on their way to Hanover or Berlin, came flocking to the depot, and now I certainly thought that the car in which I had come would be left; yet not a soul entered it, although I felt the door wide open. One look at it seemed to suffice, and every person would pass on to the next. Again the bell rang, again the train started, and again, like Juan Fernandez on his island, I was left alone to myself.

At every station where the train stopped the scene was pretty much the same. The idlers would all take a special look at my humble self, and some of them even condescended to touch their caps or hats, and bow. I knew that the Prussians were all very polite, and that the custom of touching the hat was common; but why were they so polite to me in particular? That was the question. And again, why did they take so much more notice of me than of any one in the adjoining cars? This bothered me. At almost every place I got out for a minute or two, and examined my fellow passengers in the neighboring cars, many of which appeared to be crowded full, and among them were many very handsome ladies. I watched the new comers, too, and noted all the room for them possible, with the hope that they would enter and keep me company. If the cholera had been in the car they would not have avoided it more studiously.

In this way we went on till past the middle of the afternoon, and until the train reached Minden. Here a stop of nearly an hour is made—here the cars are changed—and here, thanks to myself, I shall certainly find some one at least to accompany me, but no. The conductor was a new one, and like his predecessor, could not speak a word of English, and when I showed him my ticket he very politely opened the door of the car in which there were two or three cars that were not more than half full, and as I made a demonstration to enter one of them, he met it by a gesture which was as much as to say "that is not your place." I got into the one he pointed out, and the door of which he opened—and again I was the sole possessor of six or seven comfortable seats as ever man could desire.

By this time I not only felt lonely but nervous. I had been stared at, although not in a rude way it is true, and spite of all my endeavors they would persist in giving me an entire car for myself. There was something pointed in this—it could not be the result of accident—it meant something—and the more I thought of it the more uneasy I grew. I looked at my coat; it was a plain coat, and should not attract attention. So with the rest of my garments. My cap was nothing but a plain, ordinary traveling cap—there was nothing strange

or uncommon about that, I said to myself, as I took it off, turned it round and round in my hand, and thoroughly examined it. That they all took me for a foreigner I could readily conceive; but then I was not the first foreigner that had passed through Prussia, and I knew it could not be the custom to stare at every stranger as though he were a wild beast. At the last station before reaching Hanover I jumped out, and rushed into a refreshment house, ostensibly for a glass of beer, but really to examine myself in a looking glass, to see if there was anything wrong. I could discover nothing and went back to my car as much at a loss as over.

I most certainly should have asked the conductor what it all meant, and if there existed any suspicions about me, but for two very good reasons—one of which was that I could not speak a solitary word of his language, and the other that I had a species of sneaking presentiment that I would hear something not very complimentary to myself.

At the railroad depot at Hanover, next morning, I once more bought a first class ticket, and I must admit that it was with no little uneasiness I started toward the little train to take my seat for Harburg, the little place from which a steamer is taken for this city. I hung back until nearly all the passengers had procured their places, and then went up to the conductor and showed him my ticket. If he did not take me to a car, and the only one, in which there was not a single person, then and I was not a true man! For this blow I was not prepared; all I could do, however, was to sit and bear it alone and with patience.

At the different stations every longer would make it a special point to get a good look at me, as though I was a great foreigner, or revolutionary agent, or a runaway from justice of some sort, or a traveling menagerie. To make a long story short, I came all the way to Hamburg, solitary and alone, and what with the journey of the previous day I had now come between three and four hundred miles in a fine car all alone to myself.

Of course there is very little company in being thrown among those of whose language you do not understand a word; yet there was a positive relief to me to be thrown among the miscellaneous mass I found on the little steamer on which you cross the Elbe from Harburg to Hamburg. I might be going a little too far were I to say that I expected the clerk, or some one on board, would show me to a lone room, which was to be all my own; but had they done so I should have resisted most certainly. I had had enough of solitary confinement—enough to convince me that it is the very worst punishment you can impose upon a man—almost worse than hanging without the benefit of clergy.

The distinguished stranger finally obtained a solution of the mystery at Hamburg, where, falling in with a German whom he had known in New Orleans, the latter, with a screen of laughter, on being informed of his dilemma, told him that in Germany, "only fools and Princes travel in first-class cars."

Lord Bacon's style of living there was something that struck his contemporaries as peculiarly magnificent. The secret was, that he did everything in a high and natural taste. In compartments of his rooms, he had pictures painted on the walls from the stories of Grecian mythology. His garden was laid out after the ideal pattern of his essays, with evergreen and other shrubs to suit every month in the year. His feelings, indeed, for nature, was the main side on which his great philosophy ran into poetry; and vented itself in a very graceful as well as grand enthusiasm, befitting one of the high priests of wisdom. He was fond of meditating in groves, after the custom of his predecessors of antiquity; and when he sat down to his studies in the house, he would often have music in the next room. He had the flowers and sweet herbs in season, regularly set upon the table, so to refresh his spirit, and took such delight in being abroad among the elements, that when riding in an open carriage, during the rain, he would take off his hat to let the shower come upon his head, and say that he seemed to feel the spirit of the universe upon him.

This in an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where we behold deformity, and listen to harmony where we hear nothing but discord. To be sure, there is a great deal of vexation to meet; yet if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand, we can so trim our sail and manage our helm, as to avoid the quicksands and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family; we are traveling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same air, are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming, then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should injure neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to scandal, and breathe the spirit of charity from our hearts.

A few Words for Children.

You were made to be kind, generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and is envious of others, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and ask the teacher not to punish him. All school will show by their countenance how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.—Horace Mann.

The Jews, unchanged, have survived the changes of centuries. A striking instance of the fulfillment of the prophecy, that they shall possess the gate of their enemies, is seen in the present erection of a new synagogue, in Canterbury, England, on the site of the ancient house of the redoubtable "Knight-Templars," once the unrelenting foes of the persecuted Israelites, but now themselves swept from the face of the earth.

Strangers are very much surprised to see monkeys rumping about on the tops of the houses in Madras, or dashing across the streets; and sailors, on landing, are greatly amused with them, and try to catch them, or hit them with sticks or stones; but all in vain, as they soon jump out of the way, and then show their teeth as if in contempt for the assault. Some years ago these animals were so numerous, so mischievous, and so destructive to property, especially in pulling off tiles, and in stealing from people in the market and the bazars, that it was determined to put the depredators in cages, and carry them off to the distant jungles; for the people had a great aversion to kill them. After much trouble many were caught; but they were so very refractory, that some of them received a dozen lashes each, and were sent far away. Many of them found their way back again, and now the inhabitants are as much troubled as ever.

Within the last eight or ten months they have played all kinds of pranks in our house; for we are obliged to allow the doors and windows to be open on account of the heat, they can very easily get into any apartment. I had the mortification to find one day that a young fellow had got hold of my Pilgrim's Progress, and had cut down the plate where the Pilgrim receives his "parchment roll," and, as he saw me, he leisurely marched off, seeming to say, as he turned round to look at me, "Have I not done it?" Another rogue had no doubt seen some one use a tooth-brush; and he carried it completely off. My wafers they are perpetually stealing, and several times they have taken away the box. Nay, the steel pens were quite in their blameworthy way; and one day when I was writing a servant, it was found that a monkey was the thief. As for tumblers and various earthen vessels, I know not how many they have broken; and loaves of bread, if not watched or locked up, are soon in the hands of these gentry; and when the creatures have gone a short distance, they sit down to look at us, and then begin to eat. I ought to have said before, that they delight in my letters and notes; and, after looking gravely at them for a short time, they tear them to pieces.

Sometimes they get on the bed, and stretch themselves, then roll about in their gambols, and leave a plenty of marks behind. At other times they admire themselves in the looking-glass, and try to touch what they believed to be one of their own kin. Not long ago they broke one of them, and carried off a beautiful silver watch. They were soon on the top of a neighbor's house, and commenced their experiments; the glass was forthwith broken, the seconds' hand, which no doubt astonished them by its movement, was torn off, and the other hands were served in the same way. The "tick-tick" of the watch was the greatest puzzle of all. The servants were after them; but, no, Jack could not well, and did not wish to part with his prize. A fine loaf of bread, however, was brought and placed at some distance, and pug could not resist that. He left the watch for what to him was much better, and the watch was regained, though sadly injured. This unfortunate transaction, however, had only excited their curiosity; and they one day succeeded in dragging from a table a large old watch belonging to the writer of this paper, and carried it to the top of the house; but they were detected in their villainy, and were frightened away.

"Well, but why not kill them?" say my young friends. I did shoot one, but I shall not soon do it again; he looked so much like a human being; his companions also made such a noise, and hooted me for days after; then the natives were most offended; so that I cannot try that plan again. Then I offered a large sum to any servant who would catch one; for I determined to make an example of him, and trim him up a little; and crop his ears and tail, so that others might be frightened; but all in vain. We got a large rat-trap, and put some bread on it; an inexperienced young monkey set it; he was caught; but he worked hard, and his tapering head assisted him, and after some deep scratches, he escaped, and shortly returned with another to show him the machine. They examined it, and walked away!

The next day we tried again; and they so managed the matter as to carry off the bread. I procured poison, put on bread and butter and preserves. An old fellow seized the prize, chewed a little, then looked at me; put it out of his mouth, shook his head, and bid us good morning. A young fellow came, and he did exactly the same thing.—Wes. Jour. Off.

Advice to Anglers.

When I would enjoy a fishing day, I take my slenderest rod, my finest flies, and finest tackle, and seek some shady burn, where stream and pool, in keeping with their denizens, the finest common trout, presents a miniature of the river on whose banks and braes the happiest hours of childhood were passed. Though in other pursuits luckless, toiling all night and catching nothing, on whatever waters my single may have been thrown, it has fallen in pleasant places, alluring, as with a spell, the finest fish of all, and loch and river, brightening many a motherly, good housewife's eyes, and filling many a hungry man's belly. Yet, honestly and truly, though affecting not to despise success, even in the inglorious art, the most abundant take from the richest salmon stream, affords me fewer pleasant thoughts than have visited me while little trout have been flitting with my smallest flies in some nameless brook. There, without care thinking, without sorrow remembering, can I laugh with joyful heart at my own childishness, and acknowledge how easy it is for the proudest human mind to bow to the circumstances of its earthly being. Scorn not an old fisher's word. Whatever he may pursue in life, if his mind has not been chastened, if his heart has not been humbled, if his skill may be marvellous, and if his labor crowned with success, but the spirit within thee follows only a shadow, and disquiets itself in vain.—Fraser's Magazine.

Ball of the Leaf.

The season of the fall of the leaf has come again, with its sad and salutary teachings. Who can shut his heart against its great lessons? Who, as he sees the frost-withered leaf driven by the faithful winds, is not reminded that such is human life? Even as a leaf when the frosts have dried up its sap, and its stem clings no more to the parent tree, so is our life. It may be green to-day and float gaily upon the summer breeze, but the frosts of death are gnawing at its stem, and we know not if it shall wave to-morrow, or be driven away by the wintry blasts to eternity. Happy are we, if Nature preaches not to us in vain, in this her solemn day.

Every virtue carried to an excess, approaches its kindred vice.—Burke.

An Egyptian Dandy in Ancient Times.

Our young heir is far too deeply steeped in luxury and idleness to venture on the rougher chase of the hippopotamus, or of the crocodile. He is too foppishly staid to disturb the stern severity of his appearance by that vigorous throw of the barbed spear and the rapid cast of the noosed rope which such chase requires. Why, he would ruffle his garments, discompose his flowing hair, disarrange his flowery garlands, and make himself excessively hot and uncomfortable for no good! No; the gentle sport of angling, the tranquil cast and drag of the net, lazily and sleepily, or at most the stronger exertion of bringing down the water-fowl by means of the slings, stones, and sticks before mentioned, these are the utmost efforts of which his energies admit. And these weary him soon and long. And there he sits, while his slaves row the light boat, or keep her steady against the bank, or moor her to the strong reeds which grow up in a marine forest about him; and lying thus beneath the shadow of the awning, or within the protection of the high gawale, he watches the stealthy steps of his united cat and favorite ichneumon as they plume among the game, or he lazily listens to the cries of the decoy-bird as she calls her wilder kind to come admire her nest of eggs, or come help to feed her brood of young.—Perhaps if not over-stupid by luxury, he makes some internal reflection on her treachery, then turns away thinking that all is good, even an ichneumon's craft, and a decoy-bird's falsehood. The sun shines down through the tall reeds and water-plants; his glossy hair runs thick with perfume; his servants bring him fruit in small baskets covered with leaves and flowers to make the purple figs and golden grapes yet more tempting; and some fan away the flies which crowd in myriads from the marsh, or lower the awning, chattered with bright colours, which screens away the sun; and he lies in that byblus bark the ideal of Egyptian luxury.

We will not ask his thoughts as he thus rests, holding the line and rod so carefully; we will not inquire what fair form his visions take, as he wraps his linen robe decorously graceful about him, and composes himself to sleep with the thick rushes bending over him. Beside some proud Isis priestess, regal in her birth and glorious in her beauty, or he some simple country maid, worshipping at the shrine of his refinement, and loving him with that intense unselfish love which only women feel, and which woman of every land and faith and climate do feel, be she lowliest dancer or sweetest songstress of the choir whom to love with devotion would be a stain on his gallantry, be she high or low, rich or poor, partizan or plebeian, he were not true man if he did not fill his dreaming thoughts as he rests there within his byblus bark on the dancing waters of the blue river! The fish are caught, the birds struck down in sufficient quantities; the sun rises high, and our dandy must away to the gay banquet to which he has invited his guests this noon-day. His boatmen pull the lot of all this wealth back to his own domain; again he traverses his well-kept farm, passing through orchards rich in fruit trees, and through gardens gay with flowers, cooled by water-tanks and fountains all about; and once again he enters that ancient cottage ornée of old Egypt, while his car is harnessing to bear him back to the grandeur of the Eternal City of the Gods. Surely we must admire that elegant and graceful chariot—Where can we find a lighter shape? where a more gorgeous equipment? The large wheels are bound with metal; the sides are painted, gilded, and carved; the beautiful bow-case, richly ornamented, hangs with studied negligence from the rail of the frame; the harness is embossed, painted, and studded, the horses are trapped with magnificent caparisons, gay plumes float over their proud heads and mingle with their flowing manes; the bronze nails set every where in the harness and the car flash and glitter in the sun; and the whole equipage is one of beauty, elegance, and color, unequalled throughout all Mizraim. The Arabian horses too, large, black, and powerful, might well make the Cushite dandy proud as they fly with him through the broad paved roads, and make the simple peasant compare him to some God on a rainbow-meteor, passing swiftly through the air. After the bath, after fresh ointments are poured over his supple body and a whole alabaster vase of precious oil is lavished on his false tresses, after he is wreathed with young flowers, gay chaplets, garlands, and loose bunches all before him, after he has put on other and more costly garments, and changed the fashion of his jewelry for gems more brilliant even than those he now wears—after, in a word, he has exhausted all that Egyptian gold can buy, and all that Egyptian luxury can command, he repairs to his gorgeous chamber where his expected guests would assemble. The furniture of this room surpasses all that we have yet seen. The linen is the finest which Egyptian looms can produce; the tapestry came from Babylon; the carpets are Lydian; the tables are of expensive foreign woods, or of native, then brightly painted and thickly gilded; the chairs are hung with gold and scarlet and deep blue; their frame-work is a very study of elegance in design. Some are massive, covered throughout with rich drapery; others are light, with lotus buds and flowers, volutes, scrolls, and ornaments, forming the sides; some have caparisons, others birds, gazelles, lions, and goats, as their supports; all are rich, elegant, and splendid; all suit well with the heavy Egyptian luxury. Each small vase is a gem for artistic beauty; each vase and cup and basket of gold, or porcelain, or the true and the false mythrine (the last is the production of Theban workshops), is a thing to be examined for ever; while those of the "pigeon's neck" manufacture, that strange substance of such varied dyes which change in every light till you may not tell what the original hue, are sure to attract crowds of the idly curious to gaze and still gaze on the wonders of light and color.—Monthly Magazine.

Remedy.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Ye who the lack of gold would plead as lack of power to help another, think not so; But where the stumbling steps of sickness go, Follow with friendly foot, and in the track Of life, when ye encounter, "mid the snow, Bewildered wanderers, turn not proudly back, But lead them gently from their walks of woe By such kind words as cast a brighter glow Than gold around them. Oh, be sure of this—The calmest peace man can give to man Are kind and truthful words; nor come some Warm sympathizing tears to eyes that scan The world aright! The only error is, Neglect to do the little good we can!

How the Yankee makes a Living.

A writer in the Boston Recorder, who has lately travelled through Connecticut, describes the way in which the people gain a livelihood:

Beginning in the northwestern part of the State—where, by the way, some of nature's true noblemen dwell—we find many furnaces smelting down iron ore of the best quality from their own mines, making each from two to three tons of pig iron per diem, and each consuming at a single blast of eleven months a million bushels of charcoal. There is a shop manufacturing some of the most delicate and best cutlery; and another making huge anchors and chain cables for our navy, from iron wrought at their own puddling furnace.

Fifteen miles eastward lies a village of fifteen hundred people, situated at the outlet of a splendid sheet of water, which, in its descent of one hundred and fifty feet, carries all needed machinery. Here the business is scythe making. Another town is famous for its brass kettles—an article made nowhere else in the nation, and the trade of making which, it is said, was stolen from England. Hard by are two contiguous towns, made densely populous, even on the rugged hill-sides, and independently rich by the manufacture of brass clocks. These articles, of the ordinary kind, cost from nine shillings to two dollars, are sold over the world at an advance of 500 or 1,000 per cent.

Coming further eastward, into Hartford county, you find a gang of hands digging copper ore from the bowels of mother earth; then you enter a town of a thousand people, supported entirely by making axes. Following the Farmington river, and passing many establishments, you alight at a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, right in the gorge, where the river, in its dashing freaks, like a lover without eyes, instead of making its way easily and honestly down to New Haven, breaks its way through the Talcott mountain for the purpose of using a union with the Connecticut. These people are Scotchmen, making carpets. But this is only a part of the establishment; the remainder is located ten or fifteen miles northeast, where is found a community of eighteen hundred, from the same county, engaged in like business.

Observe here, in these two towns, are three very old-fashioned Presbyterian churches, passing by a community of Shakers, who supply the land with garden-seeds and brooms, and Hazard's well-known powder, where the "villanous saltpetre" is made into an ammunition to cast missiles at the Mexicans, and also some distilleries, too delectable to blot paper with, you enter a growing town where are made paper, cloth, of different kinds, ironware, and card teeth—the last set to order, and in quantities sufficient to straighten all the fibre which ever grew on a sheep's back or a cotton plantation.

Passing through the city of Hartford, which our bird's-eye view seems to make only a quart for trafficking in the workmanship of other and honest hands, you find a town of three thousand inhabitants manufacturing various sorts of brass ware, to mention which kinds would be to write half the names of articles in a hardware shop. Hooks and eyes must be particular, and enough to hook together all the ladies' dresses in the land, beside those of one-half Queen Victoria's subjects.

In our return over the Connecticut river, for in our rapid flight we have already crossed it twice, and in making our way into Tolland county, we entered the region of cotton and woolen; and here at the outlet of a beautiful lake, rendered memorable by the "Life of poor Sarah," who died on its banks, you must stop to see a village of twelve hundred people, grown up in the course of a dozen years, having some six or eight mills making satinet and the nicest cassimeres in the country. In other sections of the country are furnaces, cotton and woolen mills, machine shops.

Here, too, is a town, and it is our own dear "Mantua," with four or five silk factories, where the great part of our tailors obtain their Italian sewing-silk and twist. Here the screw-awger was invented. But time will fail to speak of all. Hard by, in Windham county, is a population of eighteen hundred, making cotton cloth. In the eastern part of the county, in the valley of a single stream, in the space of twenty miles are at least twelve cotton factory villages.

In New London county is manufactured India rubber in a variety of forms. In Norwich woolen and cotton mills abound. And here one single paper mill, the owner informed me, made \$260,000 worth of paper per annum. New London and Stonington are growing rich out of the whale fishery. Lyme, situated at the mouth of the Connecticut, furnishes sea captains for the London and Liverpool packets, and seamen to man their yards. Sailing up that river, now filled with seines for shad, you pass a quarry of free stone. Then you enter a shop, a branch of a large establishment located in Meriden, which monopolizes the whole business of manufacturing ivory. Here you find ivory combs, piano forte keys, umbrella tips, dice, and all kinds of ornamental work made of the elephant's tusks.

Then you need not smile at a veritable establishment for making patent inkstands, employing thirty men. Next you will find a shop turning out axe-helves; next a screw factory. Then you pass, on the bank of the river, another quarry, a rich vein of gneiss, splitting about as readily as chestnut timbers a vein about twenty rods wide, from whence have been sent vast quantities of stone, to various parts of the Union, and to the West Indies. And then another quarry of red sandstone, employing three hundred Irishmen and their overseers.

I had almost forgotten a whole town, made rich by the manufacture of all kinds of bells, such as sleigh, horse, clock and cow bells. In this city it is no easy task to tell what is manufactured, except coaches, clocks, intellect, theology, law, and physics. Fairhaven furnishes the whole of New England and some portions of New York with oysters.

Waterbury, with almost four thousand inhabitants, makes buttons, brass wire, and pins by the ton. And then there is Birmingham and Ansonia, two contiguous villages, making cutlery, pins, and hardware. Just above them, a large establishment making axes, chisels, and the like. Thence you will pass westward into the north part of Fairfield county, and here you make acquaintance with the haters in abundance. Here it is the superb hats for the New Yorkers are made.

We once knew a boy who said that he liked "a good rainy day; too rainy to go to school, and just about rainy enough to go a fishing."

Of all actions of men's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

Let each person confine himself to his particular calling, and its duties, which will insure their being well performed.

Let us not know a boy who said that he liked "a good rainy day; too rainy to go to school, and just about rainy enough to go a fishing."

Acquiescence of Napoleon.

During the rapid sojourn that he made in Belgium, in 1810, Napoleon, according to his habit, went one morning, very plainly dressed, to walk in the gardens of the Lacken Palace, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, where he met a young man who was occupied in arranging some flowers. He was pleased with the frank and prepossessing features of the young botanist, and began a conversation with him. The young man, who was the son of the head-gardener—he had studied with great care and economy the history of the vegetable world—he could name, without hesitation, the foreign and complicated names that the over-learned have given, often in so ridiculous a manner, to the most graceful productions of nature. He spoke of the Sedosanthus, the Aristolochia, the Rhoeo, the Scorzonilla, the Hydrochloa, and those of all plants with difficult names, as another would have talked of spinach and parsley. He knew the nature and property of each plant—in short, it was botany personified; in a young man of twenty-two.

"Are you comfortable in your situation here?" says the Emperor, speaking with interest. "Yes, Sir," replied the young artist, who was far from supposing the rank of the person who interrogated him. "I live in the midst of what I love, but I am only an assistant to the head-gardener." Napoleon never disapproved of ambitious ideas. He had remarked in the young florist his profound study, and the interest he took in his profession. "What would you like?" says he. "Oh," said the young Belgian, "what I would like is madness." "But still let me know," says the Emperor. "It would require a fairy to realize the dream that has often occupied my mind." "I am not a fairy," replied Napoleon, smiling in his turn, "but I am about the person of the Emperor, and he could, if he knew them, realize your wishes." "You are too good, Sir," said the young man. "It is certain that the Emperor could be the fairy that I wish for, for it all depends on him. During a journey that I made for my instruction, I saw in France the gardens of Malmaison, with its eleven bridges and Turkish kiosks. The Emperor, I understand, has given this charming place to Josephine—if a fairy were here, I would ask for nothing more than to be head-gardener to Josephine. You see how modest I am." "I will think of it," says the Emperor, almost betraying his incognito, "but do not despair of fairy lore; and after some further conversation with the young botanist, Napoleon withdrew. He left Brussels on the morrow.

During the two months that followed this conversation, the young gardener could scarcely think of anything but the wand of a fairy and the place of head-gardener, when one day he received a sealed packet with the arms of the Empress Josephine upon it; it contained his nomination to the post he had so much wished for, he hastened to the spot, and was very soon introduced to the fairy of Lacken—that man who forgot nothing, and in whom he only recognized the Emperor, to express to him his feelings of adoration.

He still occupied the place of first botanist at Malmaison when the Empress Josephine died.—L'Impartial.

Bonaparte's Love of Church Bells.

The sound of bells produced upon Bonaparte a singular effect, which I could never account for, he listened to them with delight. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the avenue leading to the plain of Rued, how often has the tolling of the village bells interrupted our most serious conversations. He stopped short lest the moving of our feet should cause the loss of any of those sounds which charmed him. He used even to be vexed because my feelings on those occasions did not accord with his own. So powerful was the effect produced in him by the sound of these bells, that his voice would falter as he said, "Ah! this recalls to my mind the first years I passed at Brienne; (Napoleon's first school, conducted by monks; I was then happy.) When the bells ceased he would resume his gigantic speculations, and launch into futurity, place a crown upon his head, and hurl kings from their thrones.—Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Charity.

How beautiful is charity. She goeth forth like an angel, with consolation on her tongue, love in her heart, pity in her eyes, and relief in her hands. She inclines her ear to the suffering and the poor. She seeketh out distress, nor ceases from morning until evening her mission among the homes of the sorrowing. She heeds not the scorn of the proud, the shrinking of the fearful, the eyes of the inquisitive, nor rain, nor wind, nor the bitter frost, but keeps on, and her way is compassed about with gladness. The hungry, the ill-clad, the sick and the despairing rejoice at her approach. They behold her shining like a celestial light amid the darkness of the world. She shuns ostentation—she has no set time for her labor, but worketh all ways, for want, and suffering, and grief, are ever among men—ever in her path.—Nor goes she unwarded. The recollections of virtue, mingled with gratitude of those who have enjoyed her beneficence, make her life a perpetual delight. Inspired by her, man performs the noblest deeds, and woman is exalted into an angel.

Little Graves.

Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations, are the little graves in the churchyard. They are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joys—half unforgotten innocence, humanity nipt by the first frosts of time, yet a single canker-worm of pollution had nestled among its embryo petals. Callous, indeed, must be the heart of him who can stand by a little grave-side, and not have the holiest emotions of his soul awakened to thoughts of that purity and joy which belong alone to God and Heaven; for the mute preacher at his feet tells him of life begun and life ended without a stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of Infinite Goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief young sojourner among us? How swells the heart of the parent, with mournful joy, while standing by the cold earth-bed of lost little ones! Mournful, because that precious little glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

The ideas, as well as the children of our life, often die before us, and our minds represent to us those to which we are approaching; where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. The pictures drawn on our minds are laid in fading colors, and if not sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.—Locke.

It often falls out that he who thinks himself the master-wit is the master-fool.—Ben. Johnson.

A City Lyric.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

'Mid the crowd I needs must linger,
Aye, and labor day by day,
But I send my thoughts to wander,
And my fancies far away.
In the flesh I'm cloud encompassed,
Through the glare of life I dash;
In the spirit, by cool water,
Under sunny skies am I.

Do not pity me, my brother,
I can see your fountains play;
I can see your streams meander,
Flashing in the golden ray.
And mine car doth drink your music,
Song of birds or rippling waves,
Or the tinkling of a bell,
The pipe brown beauty shies.

I go forth at will, and gather
Flowers from garden trim and fair;
Or among the shady woodlands,
The sweet blossoms linking there.
Little wot you, O my brother,
While I toil and sweat and strive,
Of the leisure that doth wait for me,
'Neath the arch of forest bough.

Little wot you, looking up at
The smoke wreaths floating there,
That my vision is not blinded,
By this dust and murky air.
That these thick clouds shut me out,
At my bidding vanish quite,
And the meadows open before me,
And the green hills crowned with light.

Do not pity my wanderer,
God's dear love to me hath given
Comfort 'mid the strife and turmoil,
And some blessings undimmed.
In the flesh I'm cloud encompassed,
In the vision my footsteps stay—
But I send my thoughts to wander,
And my fancies far away.
And they bring me strength and fortitude,
And sweet solace, day by day.

The Americans are always in a hurry. Nothing can be done coolly by us. We are eternally on a rush—our hours, married, live, die, and are buried, in a hurry. Everything goes on the fast double action, high pressure principle. It is all steam—steam—steam. We bolt our meals in a twinkling—do all our business at a jerk—sleep as if on a wagger—and finally pass off the stage almost before we are known to have trodden it.—It is a pity we cannot avail this extreme of activity, and imitate, to a moderate degree, the staidness and calmness of John Bull. A writer thus sensibly discourses on his point.—Yankee Blade.

"Look at the theatres—the people